

whose gates some lampoon writer had
set a paper with the bitter epigram :

***Saturni aurea suvu/a ///is
require! f Sunt face
gemmed, sed j***

(" Who will care to seek the golden age
of Saturn?

Ours is the age of jewels, but jewels of
Nero's setting.") If Constantino, like
Saturn, had devoured his children and
had lapsed for the moment into a
savage tyrant of Nero's pattern, it was
not for Eusebius to judge him. He was
writing for edification. Constantino had
averred his willingness to cast his cloak
over a sinning bishop lost scandal should
arise; ought not an ecclesiastical
historian to cast the cloak of charitable
silence over the crimes of a most
Christian Emperor? When, there-fore,
Eusebius describes* how, after the death
of Licinius, men cast aside all their
former fears, and dared to raise their
long-downcast eyes and look up with a
smile on their faces and brightness in
their glance; how they honoured the
Emperor in all the beauty of victory and
^M his most orderly sons and Heaven-
beloved **Cajsars**"; and how they
straightway forgot their old troubles and
all unrighteousness, and gave themselves
up to **an** en* joyment of their present
good things and their hope of others to
come; it is a healthy corrective to recall
the murderous outbreak of ungovernable
wrath which made Rome shudder as it
listened to the whispered tale of what was
taking place in the recesses of the
Palatine, The entire subject **is** one *Vita*
Const ^ ii.» p. 19*